

## TRUE BEAUTY

By ROSE E. BAKALAR

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At the five o'clock dismissal shriek, Fanny hastily finished sweeping some dirty chocolate "seconds" off her floor, briskly punched the time clock and scrambled into her last year's spring made-over suit.

"What's the grand rush?" languidly chattered a chocolate wrapperess. "I'm going to the bellers' third annual tonight," she telegraphed, and bolted. But that was not the main cause of her excitement.

In all her twenty years she never had indulged in a real manure and massage. Now, ever since her ready acceptance of Bessie's casual oral invitation, two months ago, Fanny had forsaken gum, lemon and limes, and weekly serial thrillers, to save for this dreamed-of luxury. Tonight she still lacked petty cash to realize her fervent desire. She vowed to obtain that deficit somehow, somewhere. Hence the "grand rush."

Five minutes hurried walk from the factory brought her into her home, on the stoop.

At a small, second-hand table near the back window, sat Jole. Opposite him reigned plump Mrs. Zibin, contentedly masticating some hot boiled potatoes.

Fanny threw her late model on a nearby chair seat and hastened into the family bedroom anxiously recounted—only one whole dollar.

She scanned her healthy finger nails, then peered at the worried, youthful reflection in the half blind glass.

"I just gotta, I just gotta, that's all," she murmured. After carefully retying her hoarded treasure, she thoughtfully walked into the kitchen. "Why can't you give it to me, ma?" bringing up that subject again. "All I need now is 40 cents."

Mrs. Zibin coughed dryly, and with arched eyebrows and shrugging shoulders, mildly asked, "Forty cents? Where should I get you 40 cents? I tell you papa is right when he hollers. You don't know what suffering is yet. So many people go around with their hands in their pockets—with nothing to do, and it wags you a massage. A massage you want? A piece of hard bread to put in your mouth, you should be glad, yet you cry your eyes out for a massage."

"I need it. I gotta have it. Just this time, ma," she entreated. "It's them new peoples," Mrs. Zibin peeled another jacketed potato. "Such noises what they make! It should only clap them in their head. Three days what they moved in, and every mantle of mine they break. Go, Fanny. Go holler on them. They should stop."

"I have no time. I gotta dress. Tell Jole."

Our imbibor of written thrills and soggy lumps raised a shrewd countenance. "You always tell me to go. I won't go. You told her first."

Mrs. Zibin sighed heavily as she peeled and aired her sorrows to no one in particular. "Such children I got."

Reluctantly Fanny tapped on the noisemaker's door and entered. On the bare floor crouched an exceedingly thin woman, soothing a wailing child. "Why do you make so much noise?" indifferently.

"I can't help it," creaked the living skeleton. "My kid bangs the floor when he's hungry."

Fanny adored children.

Drawing a deep breath, she plunged. "Here." She dropped her clinking capital into the squatting, skinny lap, then met the returned, deeply sunken eyes. A soul lay bare its gratitude. Fanny then descended as softly as possible.

"A kid and his ma are starvin' upstairs," quietly reported Fanny.

Mrs. Zibin lost her appetite. "Is it? No-o?" she gasped. "I'll go get them a bite. Don't stand looking at me. Go dress. It's getting late."

The faithful alarm clock on the shelf warned seven.

Roused to action, an awakened Fanny quickly slipped off her made-over, cheap serge, energetically massaged her smooth skin with plain soap and cold water, dusted it with talcum, and perfected a quick manure with a common pinhead. Quite contrary to her mood, she hummed, "I've Got the Blues."

With cheeks bearing a tantalizing flush, such as no beauty expert could hope to produce, and eyes sparkling with understanding, she answered Bessie's knock. At sight of her he whistled.

"Gee!" was his pithy tribute, "you look great!"

At the ball some said it was her expression, but whatever the cause of her attractiveness, the majority admired it, and forgot to notice the absence of pink-paste-high-polish on her clean fingernails.

Quite a long time later, we see Fanny in her own comfortable home, hemming the party dress of her listening grownup daughter, and winding up her discovery of that whole-hearted service beauty secret. . . . and at that ball your papa took me. . . . this whole silver candlestick I won for beauty prize. . . . and don't forget I didn't get my beauty massage and manure, either."

Not So Cheering.

"Some great men have been sent to jail."

"True enough," replied Mr. Dub-wait, "but for some reason or other there isn't much consolation in that when you are facing the judge for the first time on a charge of speeding."

## THE MAGI

By MILDRED WHITE

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nancy grew more frail in appearance each day. David had been so good and true until Teddy, having upon attaching himself to her train, so to speak.

What Teddy actually did was to camp upon her aunt's veranda, cheerfully lending his escort unasked, wherever Nancy at the particular time might be going.

As Aunt Phoebe, usually a difficult person where young men were concerned, developed a strong preference for Teddie's good-natured society, Nancy's problem was doubled.

When David first found Teddie, the confident, encoined upon her aunt's veranda, and aunt presented him as the nephew of her old friend, David welcomed him cordially. When, however, Teddie's presence there became almost continuous, David's cordiality visibly decreased.

Nancy's stay in the country town had unfolded like an interesting story. She had come, quite alone, to make her home with Aunt Phoebe and at first there had been long walks of exploration. She had come upon the tiny cottage in the wood quite accidentally the day of the big rain storm and had sought refuge there. The neat little house, almost hidden in the green, reminded her of the fairy tales of childhood, where a queer old woman might open the door and turn out later to be a purveyor of magic, bringing the invader to all sorts of realized dreams. But this queer little old woman occupant could not open door for she was, it proved, very ill in her bed, with a brusque young doctor in attendance.

It was not until she was acquainted with David Price that Nancy became aware of the fact of his youthfulness. In that hour of anxious and busy concern Nancy recognized only his dignity and power. He ordered her to prompt and necessary attendance and her heart went out in admiring response as she worked with him over the lone old woman. It was pneumonia and together they saved her. "Together, you and I have saved her," that was what David had said and Nancy had thrilled with a satisfaction never known before. While old Hannah remembered them ever in her gratitude. Now that Nancy was a part of the small friendly town she still visited Hannah and the two knew a deeper friendship than those who smiled at it could understand.

David had often stopped for her, returning in his roadster from a round of calls.

Nancy's wistful eyes were tear-filled now in memory of those sweet afternoons in the woodland cottage.

She knew that David had intended to ask her to marry him on that first fateful evening of Teddie Ramsdell's call at her aunt's home. Teddie's persistent presence had made the question impossible.

Tactfully, on the evening that David had said he would come to bid them goodbye, Nancy endeavored to make the care-free, confident young man aware of the situation.

David had been gone six months, an unbearable six months, with no word from him.

So Nancy grew more frail in appearance each day and Teddie still joyfully sang his songs, strumming on aunt's piano and encouraged by aunt's encores.

The town paper announced that Dr. David Price would return shortly from his studies abroad. Nan knew just how it would be—Teddie at the piano and very much at home in her aunt's home, or Teddie walking at her side down Main street. And the wise-observe man would again pass on his way. Nancy's face looked almost ethereal when she stopped at the little house in the wood.

The old woman opened the door.

"Dearie," she greeted, "I wish that I might bring the old sunshine to your face; the old light to your eyes." Then, because one must have a confidant, Nancy told her story. Thoughtfully, Hannah placed the kettle.

"If you'll stay a bit," she said, "we'll talk things over, with a cup of tea. And I must run out first to hail the hall-farm boy on his way home from school. He does my errands for me in town."

When Hannah came back the white cloth was laid and Nan was in at the tinkling piano. She had sung perhaps half a dozen songs that Hannah loved, when she heard a man's voice in the kitchen. It was the hill-farm boy returned with his supplies, Nancy concluded, and went on rather sadly with her song. The song ended abruptly.

"You!" cried Nancy, unbelieving joy in her tone, and in the kitchen old Hannah smiled.

"One may play at being a magi," she told the happy Nancy later, "if one lives in just the right setting, a cot in a far wood. Now, at your aunt's house there might be a disturbing element."

"She sent the hill-farm boy after me," David said, and youth seemed to have returned to him in the coming.

"She said that the doctor was needed here, right away."

"Tea," remarked Hannah, "is ready; draw up your chairs."

Queer Fellow.

"That fellow has no understanding of genius."

"Why, he loans you money."

"But he seems to expect me to pay him."

## FARM DEMONSTRATION

(Continued from Front Page)

consummated for the handling, and that all members will be promptly notified of such readiness to accept cotton.

The writer insisted that the profits at the sales end of cotton production will make no man rich unless he makes a profit also at the producing end. As a means of accomplishing the latter, he urged soil building through diversification with hairy vetch and velvet beans as the best legumes for this section.

W. H. BARTON.

### The County Fair.

Let's make this Fair the best ever. The weevil is bringing about changes in our methods and our products. We shall, more than ever, need the county fair as a medium of advertisement and exchange of local products. Prepare neatly something of everything produced and bring it along for exhibit.

Better premiums are offered this year than heretofore, and the following products are listed in the premium list:

#### Farm Produce Department:

Best peck cleaned cow peas, any variety.

Best peck cleaned soy beans, any variety.

Best stalk soy beans, as grown.

Best peck velvet beans in pods.

Best vine of velvet beans, with beans attached.

Best wisp or bunch of hay, not less than 5 lbs, any variety, neatly bound with three or more cards or hands.

Best exhibit of different varieties of hay.

Best peck peanuts, accompanied by three vines with nuts attached.

Best stalk of Huban clover.

Best stalk of biennial sweet clover.

Best peck of wheat.

Best bundle of wheat.

Best peck of rye.

Best display of tobacco.

Best 3 stalks of sorghum.

Best 10 ears pop corn.

Best sunflower.

Best citron melon.

Best watermelon.

Best honey-dew or other cantaloupe melon.

Best bunch chufas.

Best quart sorghum syrup.

The most varied and artistically arranged collective exhibit of any one farm in Richmond county. The premiums on these will range from \$50 down to \$10, five premiums in all.

Best plate of apples, any varieties.

Best each of Keifer, Seckel and other varieties of pears.

Best plate each of different varieties of grapes.

Best 1 bu. sweet potatoes of each variety.

Best 1 bu., different varieties, Irish potatoes.

Best cabbage, best onion, best 10 stalks celery.

Best 5 squashes.

Best 1 peck lima beans.

Best head lettuce.

Best quart cayenne or sweet peppers.

Best 4 heads cauliflowers.

Best 1 bu. rutabagas or purple-top turnips.

Best plate of 5 tomatoes.

Best six beets.

Best and most attractive exhibit of one home garden; six premiums, ranging from \$15 to \$1.00.

Best pumpkin.

Best walnuts.

Best pecans.

#### For Men:

Best 10 ears corn, prolific.

Best 10 ears corn, any variety.

#### For Boys:

Best 10 ears corn, prolific.

Best 10 ears corn, any variety.

Best peck oats, any variety.

Best bundle oats.

Everybody can exhibit something. Let's fill the exhibits building to the bursting point.

W. H. BARTON.

### Miss Kelly Entertains.

On Tuesday night of this week Miss Ella Kelly gave her friends, who will leave for college next week, a farewell party. The living room and hall were decorated with roses and other fall flowers.

Fourteen couples took part in the games which took place in the house and yard; afterwards dancing was enjoyed for a while.

Partners were chosen and ushered out into the yard, where a table decorated with a centerpiece of roses and laden with refreshments consisting of cake, ice cream, and lemonade was served.

Miss Kelly asked the honorees to give the party a toast and each in turn drank the health and joy of us all.

After this it was time to go, and the guests left declaring it a great success.

Those enjoying Miss Kelly's hospitality were Misses Sudie Jenkins and guest, Elenor Smith, of Gastonia; Mary Polk, Pearl and Myrtle Haywood, Johnnie Henry, and Mr. Olen Smith, honorees; Misses Lizzie Covington, Effie Ingram, Eunice Mason, and Ellen Maske. Messrs. Jesse Davis, Frank Mason, Jesse, Neil, Aubrey, George, and Robert Covington, Neil and Joe Haywood, Carson Radcliff, Ernest Coble, and David Hemerton, of Hattiesburg, Miss.

### Moore-McInnis.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles McInnis announce the marriage of their daughter Mary Alice

to Mr. Walter Boyce Moore on Wednesday, the thirtieth of August nineteen hundred and twenty-two

Norman, North Carolina At home after Sept. 6th, Clover, S. C.

Rose's 5, 10, and 25c store will hold an informal reception in their new store on Friday evening from 8 to 10. advt

### Death Was Exaggerated.

(Continued from Front Page)

rate, he wasn't really sick, though he spent part of Sunday in bed and part of Monday. Towards noon Monday some one coming to town casually made the remark that Mr. Covington was sick. This spread through several second-hand channels, until finally the report became so magnified that it made Mr. Covington to appear as dead. His family came back from their trip Monday afternoon, and stopped at a gasoline station near the depot for water and gas. While at the curb some one came out and informed Mrs. Covington that they had just heard that her husband was dead. This naturally threw the family into confusion worse confounded, and they hurriedly started on towards home.

Fortunately, E. B. Liles had heard the report, and a few minutes later had seen a man from the Covington neighborhood who told him it was not true; and he had seen Mrs. Covington pass the store in her car. It occurred to him that some one might have told her of the false report, so he put a driver in his car and sent him to overtake the Covingtons and reassure them. They were caught up with about a mile from town. Not only that, but W. Cole Nichols heard of the death and wishing to be of assistance, secured the undertaker and with him started down to the farm to render the necessary aid; however, they met Mr. McCroskey about two miles from town, and stopping, learned that Mr. Covington not only was not dead, but was very much alive.

When Mrs. Covington reached the farm, she found John Sandy at the Wall club house, fairly well, and sitting on the side of the bed cracking jokes. The next morning she took him home. No, his death was very much exaggerated.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and treasures; which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

### SEASONABLE FOODS.

February and March are hard months for cooks. Winter foods have lost their flavor and spring vegetables are not yet in market for the average-sized pocketbook. These are the months when the pancake flourishes, and for variety try:

**Oatmeal Cakes.**—Add one-half cupful of milk to two cupfuls of boiled oatmeal, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well and bake on a greased griddle.

**Honey Hermits.**—Take one cupful of fat, one and one-half cupfuls of warm honey, three eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful each of chopped nuts and raisins. Flour to roll. Bake in a moderate oven.

**Duchess Soup.**—Cook one-half of a minced onion in two tablespoonfuls of hot fat until tender. Remove the onion, add one tablespoonful of rice flour or two tablespoonfuls of sago cooked in a quart of milk fifteen minutes. Save out one-fourth of a cupful to add later with the eggs. Cook all together, adding one teaspoonful of salt and paprika to taste. Stir in three-fourths of a cupful of grated cheese and pour into a tureen in which two beaten eggs and the cold milk have been placed. Serve at once.

**Caramel Rice Pudding.**—Cook one half cupful of rice in boiling salted water. Drain and blanch by rinsing with cold water in a colander or sieve. Cool and add two well-beaten egg yolks, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of raisins; flavor with vanilla, add a dash of cinnamon and one-half cupful of nutmeats. Bake until brown and add the beaten whites as a meringue. Brown the meringue and serve with cream, sweetened with caramel syrup. To make the syrup, brown a few tablespoonfuls of sugar in a smooth saucepan, stirring until melted and brown. Add a few tablespoonfuls of water and when melted serve.

Nellie Maxwell

## You Can't Squander Your Money at this Store



DON'T pay more than a thing is worth. Get the full value of your money, before you hand it over.

That is the policy we pursue in the wholesale markets, and it is the policy that pays the consumer just as well.

Customer's don't squander their money here. The prices they pay are too close to the wholesale cost for that.

Watch our customers come to us year after year. Then bear in mind this fact: People don't continue trading at the same place unless they are mighty well satisfied. They go where they can do the best.

It will be a pleasant day for us when you favor us with your patronage.

# W. E. McNAIR

## FURNITURE

Cash or Credit

Cash or Credit